







Paul Smith, A.R.A.

The morning sun was streaming into a large wainscoted room, filling it with beauty, shining through the small panes of three tall narrow windows, severely draped in State curtains.

The furniture in the room had an old-world look. But that comfort was not sacrificed to appearance was shown in the somewhat unpolished Indian-cane lounging chairs and a couch made of rough boards, with one end covered with a shawl covering it. Persian rugs and soft and glistening tones of color to the plain golden-colored panels of the room. At the front end of the room, a large piece of tapestry, depicting scenes of hunting, was suspended from the ceiling, its draperies from the bay window, lighted by a window of olive-green glass, showing a narrow door in the wainscot, leading, it might be, to a deep cupboard, or a passage communicating with the kitchen. The room was filled with Japanese bronze pots, delicious blots of blue and white, vividly colored fans, dashed here and there in bright dashes, amid the various objects of art were hardly needed.

The studio was further embellished by the occupants, two young men. One, the owner, was smoking while his facile pencil rapidly sketched on a small wood block. The other, a good red-faced boy, was seated at a desk, writing upon his paper of converter ink, letters furnished with a pen and ink bottle, and smiling upon the happy moment when they are looking their best, as if it were all to be desired. The two young men were the studio's proprietors, and they are now put into practice what they have learned.

"The studio is well equipped, and I am anxious to talk. For Paul Smith, although ambitious of better things, was indolent and could ill afford to waste time.

Pending the arrival of the expected model, he was sketching on the easel, and finishing one of the numerous orders for a popular magazine.

"The tall Chippendale timepiece struck ten as he impatiently exclaimed "Igabell! Igabell! Where are you?"

"Igabell! Igabell! Where are you?"

"Are women ever to be depended upon?"

"Igabell! Igabell! Where are you?"

to dismiss from his thoughts. On his return he was surprised to find the eager eyes of his servant looking at him; to his note, the kind feeling of disappointment upon his servant telling him there was no answer.

The following morning he called at

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